

## [Tiverton Fisherman]

Tiverton Fisherman

This turned out to/ be pretty poor stuff, a [sent?] of stage monologue. I've tried to save a few pages. See if you can get anything out of it. If not, chuck it.

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I think the only value in this is the fact that it comes from Rhode Island, assuming that you need a piece from that state. From [SHH?]

In this case, use an indicated, for a short piece.

page 3 - final 10 lines deleted by BAB, but a nice thought here.

How about using it this way:

Take Miss Hatty - she's prouder of her father's sextant and sea chest than of that new hundred thousand dollar house of hers over there on the neck. The family went out West and struck oil, got rich as all get out, but whalin' blood can't rest happy on a western prairie, so she came back home/ to the old Atlantic after thirty years.

Mss A

Pages 1 - 5 3 Yankee background [??] ###

4 - 5 The eel catch

### 9 [???

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The other two mss. do not seem to ne to be usable. The description of the dance cannot be recast into monologue form without seeming theatrical and phoney..and mss [?] is also too theatrical and diffuse to use.

SBH 1 Living Lore in New England (R.I.) [The Tiverton Fisherman?] [Rhode Island?] [??]

The warm August sun sent little heat waves dancing along the old dock while the water lapped [lazily?] against the wooden piles creating [an?] atmosphere of mid-summer serenity. High over head the [gulls?] screamed and called.

Fishing boats were coming in one by one, sliding gracefully to their moorings, deftly handled by practiced hands. Soon the whole place was in action as [the?] morning's catch was lauded. Glistening like silver dollars, the butter fish and squite-gue were quickly boiled out of the wells into the waiting barrels. After being iced and covered they were rolled onto the truck, which was to take the load direct to the New York market at Fulton St. That [business?] over, the fishermen turned to cleaning their boats, greasing the motors and the hundred and one things that must be done to make ready for the next day's run. This detail was left to the crew whilst the captains talked of luck and prices.

Captain Nat, seeing his last barrel tagged and checked, lighted a cigar and settled down on a pile of rope to have a "draw and a spit." Turning to a young lady who had been watching the morning's work with great interest, he called, "Good morning, Effy. Do you still want to know why I'm a fisherman and not a farmer, or a lawyer, or a doctor like you dad? Now that my busy time is over, sit down, child, and your old Uncle Nat will talk to you.

"Fishing seems to be in the blood around these parts and I was born a fisherman just as were my father and grand-father before me. For generations we've sailed out of Tiverton, fair weather and foul. Hail, rain, snow or blow we'd be out in it, [beating?] down the wind or up with the tide—a hardy [crew?] of men, with great bodies and healthy appetites, but

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like their own winds and tides, at times cold and hard. They are slow 2 to take up with anything new but appreciate improvements when finally adopted. You take my old boat the ' [Mizoald?] Mizpah '——she was as likely a craft as ever caught a breeze. Noank built [?] was and able. She'd beat any [on the?] fleet to the traps and back. That meant getting the best prices for your catch as it does today. She went by sail alone and when power came in Dad cut in a Lathrop but kept the mast in her just in case. But the mast was int eh way when it came to the bridges. For you see in those days the Stone Bridge and Railroad Bridge both went off by hand, which, if the tide was wrong meant an hours delay between the two of them. So one day when Dad was in Fall River, we boys sawed off the mast. On his return father simply shook his head when he saw his [sloop?] thus dismantled, and said that we'd managed to ruin his boat. Later he had to agree that it was an improvement and that he liked it.

“But there wasn't much said any further about it cause we Yankees don't talk much unless we see the p'int in so doing. Maybe that's why folks call us queer, and sot, even cold-hearted. Now when it comes to talking with strangers, we can't see why we should answer all their fool questions. They'd be just as wise after we'd lallygagged to 'em all day as they were before. Most strangers seem to be awful smaller, and if there is any one thing a fisherman hates it's shoal water.

“Tell me, sis——have you ever been out where the water is deep,——tall and green we call it——had you boat rollin' scuppers under? Now that's what you mought call living, with the old ground swell rollin' [?] 'round and the foiard for'ard [end?] of your boat looking you in the face every time she starts to climb. Never seen much of it, hey? Well suppose you've had lots of book l'arning, [tho?] , being's how your Dad's such a big doctor. Shucks I can remember your grandsir plain as day, a boat builder he wor and 3 no better man ever swung an adze. Allus loved 'lowed his son'd be a doctor and so he is. Now take me —— I had a bit of schooling in my time, too. Was mighty good at figgers and took my Latin and navigation easy enough. Got what I could right in that old academy yonder. Had lots o teachers, men and women too, but for downright larnin Miss Peace could help a fellar

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no end. A lady, too! Oh, yes! Twas her uncle as discovered the Columbia River — a real Yankee fisherman, by thunder. Tell ye, gal, some great men's come from this old port.

“To be sure it does look like a drowsy old place now but change comes to a place more than it does to the people as was born in it. Take my mothers folks now —old whaling aristocracy. Regular old sea dogs they was. Sailing in those days — maybe round the Horn of China, beating up and down the Pacific searching for whales, they'd be gone sometimes two and three years at a stretch. One time they'd be on the African coast, then beat away down around Cape o' Good Hope and over to Indo-China them up the China Coast toward Bering Strait and back down Pacific. They'd see such sights as you wouldn't believed, but we can prove they were true, gal, true as preachin'. Now sometime you get your [Cousin?] Lucy to show you the old whalin' Letters and they'll give you some idee of why we Yankees are so proud of our sea history. Take your cousin Hatty — she's prouder of her father's sextant and [sea?] chest them she is of that new hundred thousand dollar houses o' hers over there on the neck. Purty house too as I ever see, but she told me settin' right where you be this minute she hadn't drawn a happy breath in thirty years. You see they went out West an struck oil, got rich as all get out, but whalin' blood can't rest happy on a western prarie, so Hatty's back home now where she can breathe the clean sweet smell of the old Atlantic.

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“What's that you say? You'd like to go out in the sloop with me some day, to pull trap? Well now, sho — as soon as the tide is right today we're setting seine for eels, but we only use a skiff instead of a power boat because the [eel?] is to be make just up the beach ways, but you're welcome to come if you care to. All right, I'll take a look to see how things are progressing. No, it wont take long to make a set —— about an hour —— according to the catch.

The boys are putting the seine on the back rack now and you step into the skiff and go well for'ard. If you don't get caught in the running lines or the dipsies, and maybe get hurt.

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The seine does look like a pile o' hay, but its on the rack systematical enough as you'll find when they start to let it run.

“Let's take a look at the tide. If she's about ready to drop then it's time to set, as the eels will come out with the falling tide. So hop aboard and we'll get going. So leave John on the beach holding one running line, Sam rows the skiff and I'll say the [??] (about three hundred and twenty feet), then Harry starts throwing the seine over, or just letting it run. As Sam rows slowly, the lead line sinks and the cork line floats. She's like a big tennis net with a long bag in the middle and as Sam rows the boat he makes a half circle of the net and [?] looks like a little cord atoll we've seen in Bermuda. Yes, the seine is seven hundred and fifty feet from tip to tip so you see she's no play toy.” ————— xxx  
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Here we are back at the beach and give the other line to Jim. Now with both lines on the beach we pull on these and haul the seine in. She picks up everything on the bottom as we drag her ashore. We'll gradually close the net and keep hauling until she's on the beach. Here she comes, the arms first, then when the twine is finer, that's the [?] and in the 5 middle is the bag of still finer twine. When the boys bring the ends of the net together the fish will run back into the bag. Yes, sure, sis — you can help pull on the rope too if you wish. All out now.

“Look up the beach, there! Just as I thought. Every woman and child and dog in the colony is down to help, too. The women folks tell me that it's great sport for them to haul on the lines. The kids get in the way mostly, and the dogs bark at the crabs we throw onto the beach. Altogether it's nearly as much fun as a three ring circus.

“Keep a hauling, boys! Keep the lead lines down, and the corks floating. If we haul too fast we pull her under and the eels will go over the top. Keep your fingers out of the twine or you'll tear it. Haul on the ropes — that will pull her in. Here comes the bag, so cross the lead lines over the mouth and we'll have her ashore in a jiffy. Yes ma'am she's loaded! Got

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to be something in her after you've dragged her in over more than five hundred feet of the river bottom. Plenty of culch! That's where the eels are, tho, under the cabbage and kelp. Throw out the sea weed, then we can see the eels. There they are! Roll the twine and use their golden [bellies?]. We've a mess this time. Bail em out boys into the eel car. A nice catch.

"Yes, sonny you can have the crabs. Grab them like this. That's it. Now you've got the idea. You'll be a fisherman yet. What's that? Your father says that you're to be a broker like him — well that's not so bad. Ah! but you'd rather be a fisherman. I see, Sho — tell you what now — I'll sell you my boat whenever you're ready to take over.

"Yes ma'am; that long silver fish is a squiteague. Wouldn't like it for your dinner? Have the have it and welcome.

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"Yes indeedy there's one for you too, Mrs. White. Oh! that one. That's a tautaug and fine for baking ma'am. Here she is.

"No, all we want is the eels ma'am. You folks help yourselves to the mixed stuff.

"Good morning Professor! Looking for specimens? Well there may [/?] be some more of those queer ones like we hauled in yesterday — ho now here is a bill fish and a silver dollar. Look at this little beauty — size of a wafer all striped in blue, black and sliver with long pale blue chiffon streamers. What is she, professor? A rare southern fish? Well I swan — they do come up here in the summer. I've caught them before. Save them for you? Sure — All I see. Help yourself to anything you can use.

"Ready, boys. Guess you've got all the fish and eels out of her by now. Is the [car?] covered so they can't get out? All right. Haul in the running lines, shake the culch out of the seine, load her onto the rack ready for another set." ————- xxx ————

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"So, miss, you think it take a long time to haul that line into the skiff. 'Tis a bit of line, [three?] hundred and twenty feet on each arm, so you see what the seven hundred and fifty foot seine, this shore seine is quite a piece of gear. Oh! yes indeedy. It costs a pretty penny to go fishing and do it right. Each season has its own expense.

"What that? How many pounds was there in that haul? Well, about two hundred and fifty, I should say. And they'll have time for two more sets before the tide falls off.

"Yes, these eels will be shipped to New York. That's the best live eel market.

"Now I must go back to the dock and talk to Leander about a 7 mug up. Do you want to come aboard the schooner and find out what a good cook Lee is? Alright, come along. Guess we'll find something in the galley worth stopping for. Here we are, gal, drop aboard.

"Smells good you say. Has to be good. A fisherman eats only the best and plenty of it. So pitch right in and making yourself to home. There's a big pot of tea, plenty of cold meats, quantities of doughnuts, stuffed cookies, layer cake, pies — three kinds — all good stuff so sit right down and have a mug up".

1

### LIVING LORE IN NEW ENGLAND

#### The Yankee Fisherman

The twine shed was blue with tobacco smoke and the smell of tar made a pleasant odor as the non worked away catching up on the endless detail that keeps fishermen busy in the winter.

Sam poked some wood into the twine shed stows, spat neatly into it, then picked up his needle and went to work on a long funnel-shaped contraption made of twine while a young boy prodded him with questions.

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"What am I fixin' now? Well, that's a flat-fish fyke. Goin' to set 'em soon's the weather's favorable. 'Bout the last o' February we set 'em off Island Park and all long shore, down as far as Oakland Farm, the Governor's place.

These fykes od look like giant funnels, but they have leaders and wrings just as a big fish-trap does. These big hoops keep the twine open and are made of walnut. You see about six hoops, each one a little smaller than the other, makes what we call the taper and those long iron rods keep the fykes ont he bottom and prevent them from folding up or getting pockets.

"One year we set about a hundred of these in late February and the first night we got about twenty-five barrels of beauties, a fine catch. We cleaned the fykes and set them over again but that night a wicked snow storm came up and along shore the snow was two to three feet deep, with drift six to eight feet in places. Ice formed thick in the bay and river and it was many a day before we saw our fykes again.

"When we finally got to them, some were torn by the ice, while others were nearly buried in the sand on the river bottom, but that's fisherman's luck and it does seem, as if we have all the bad luck at once.

2

"Oh, so you often wonder what fishermen do besides work and whether or not we have any fun? Well now if you want to come with me this evening, I'll take you over to my Uncle Jim's place. He's sorta expecting a few folks in for a country dance. He's my mother's brother, and all my ma's folks are plumb full o' music and dancing and the folks love to go to Jim's of a winter's night and hear that sweet music of his. He plays the accordion, banjo, fiddle, jaw's-harp — 'most anything.

"You'll have a nice time even if we haven't any movies here. You see the rich folks, as have bought up a lot of the old places, try to keep the village very exclusive so if you want



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some real good entertainment, and don't belong to the rich crowd, you make it to yourself. 'Course we have our radios, there's one in the corner, but daytime programs don't suit me, 'captin' that one from Boston as broadcasts the boating and fishing news. That's a dandy, and sure good entertainment as well as full of information. But tell you what, you stop over at the house tonight long about seven o'clock and we'll step up the road a piece to my Uncle Jim's place and there'll be an old fashion shin dig. You see even the young folks like to 'swing it' they call it, to Jim's fiddlin'. See you at seven then."

That evening the young men knocked at Sam's door, and with a hearty "Be with you in a minute." Sam soon appeared through the side door and the two hurried across the lots to an old house on the back road.

About half [a?] dozen cars were in the yard and the noise coming from the house indicated that a good time was going [on?]. The [treble?] notes [of?] the fiddle pierced the sharp air while the talking and laughter floated from a partly opened door.

"That'll be the Fisher's Hornpipe" Sam told the boy. [Snappy! now?] hear him bear right down on it. Gosh, that's music. Let's hurry in 3 and get partners. You'll know 'em all before the evening's over.

"Hello Sally. Here, you know Jim Round's boy don't you? Well teach him the [harmonica?].

"That's it! Thats the old dance all right but what's that your putting with it? Oh! So-o you swing it! Well bless my buttons. No-o I'll take mine straight. Come on, Annie May — we'll do our(n plain 'thout any [?]

"Here we go — forward— back— swing — turn — stamp. Here those young'ns holler.

"Well, five minutes o' this and we'll hit up some other step. What's he saying — a solo clog by Clint? He's a good one, watch him, click his heels in the air and turn. Like a cat now, aint he? A jim dandy dancer and you'd never think that he'd been pulling fykes all

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day down on the West Shore, would you? A handsome boy all right. I see Rosany kinda thinks so too. Her Ma'd like that match what [with?] Clint's paw having money and all. You can't blame her for trying to make a good match for her daughter, but Clint's got his own idees too. That school-[?] there looks pretty nice to him. He told me so himself down at the wharf. Kinda gone on her I guess. But maybe He'll get oer it, form what I hear. Sho. Her beau aint here. I here tell as how he's a lawyer fellar in Boston. You know who told me? Minnie. [Yes?], [she's?] the one. Miss Hunt, states the teacher, told Minnie 'bout him. Says he's all wound up in books and such a bein' so far away I wouldn't [worry butwhat?] Clint might win out if he goes at it right. Oh! well love's a funny thing. That's that? Stop grazing' and lets dance? All right."

"[?] callin' for a Virginia Reel. Here we be this is goin' to be fun. There's old Doctor [?] and his wife over from Crndall Road.

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They're a great couple for dancing and partying around. How's Jim making out? Not bad. That's a a pretty girl he's with now — Natalie Peckham, [?] from college up Boston place. Yes, lots o' money and you'd think they'd feel too good for their poor relations. Not them. Just like the young Jim now, he loves to come to our house. Seems to like this shin dig by the way his face shines. Oh come you think its the Young lady, heh! Maybe a little o' both.

"Well here we go — Swing your partners, bow — forward — back — reel — down the center — Ta-ta-ta-ta-dum-dum-dum. Well — once again — grand right and left [and?] swing your partners across the — room.

"How's that? A skirmish and not a dance. You sho! Did you like it? 'Course. That'll put some color in your cheek and a sparkle in your eye.

"How about some refreshments? Come on into the kitchen and see what Aunt Hattie's got laid out for us to [eat?]. M'm — that smells like hot cheese biscuit and 't won't go bad with some [o'?] that cold tongue or stuffed eggs. There's preserved [?] and watermelon

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pickle, brandied peaches, and conserved — which'll you have? ....All right — Aunt Hat will help ye and then I'm going to have cholc layer cake with coffee. Yes, Aunt Hattie, I will try some of' those stuffed cookies. This is my a's rule, I can tell by the tag. Have a glass or milk, Annie May — put some flesh on your bones. You don't seem the same gal since Zeke went away. Come on, girl, park up — he'll be coming' back soon as rich as the best of 'em. What? That's what your're afraid of. Now look a here — Zeke's a great boy and that South American trip is just what he needs to make a man of him and I heard over at the bridge today that he's whole party'll be back come Spring. There now — go on in and dance some more. Here, 5 Charlie, take Annie May into the Quadrille. There he starts the Arkansas Traveler — Ready —

“Balance your partners — swing corners fo'ard and back — sachet — grand right and left — the other way — swing your partner — ladies in the center and the gents outside — make a basket — all hands around — grand right and left — gents in the center and the ladies outside — form a basket — all hands across the hall.

“Guess they'll keep that up all night. Aint that fun, tho, Look at that set swing it. Regular Jitterbugs they call'em. Looks like a free for all, but they are sure having fun.

“That was a fine set, Effy, and Cud tells me the next will be the Polka, you know he loves to get the schoomaker and his wife up for this one. They are both from Vienna and can they hop it out. There they go, with one — two — three — hop — round and round. Come on, we aren't missing this one — I believe a polka myself.

“Where did I learn, you say? Down at Whitredge Hall. Don't you remember when Mame White came back to town married to that English dude, she started a dancing school for us benighted villagers. The proceeds helped to build the little church near the corners. Yes indeedy — Mame made a gentleman of me — for a season; but really we liked it and she made us love dancing — so we sure owe her a favor.

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"That's the way with real Yankees they love to come home and help the kids they left behind — an patronizing mind yer, just honest to goodness trying to make their folks as fine as the next. Outsiders think that we don't care for anything but chasing the dollar but we know better — and say nothing. "hear that tune? It's Money Musk Watch Uncle Jim and his accordion. See him toss it then goes on stepping it out. You don't see anything like that in pictures — now do you? He's a whole show himself

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Wait he's going to sing. "Oh the buxom girls that kiss the boys,

With nobler Helen's and lumberer Troy's." He'll sing, dance, play the accordion all at the same time. A great entertainer, but no one can get him to go up to the city for amateur hour. He'd be a hit, but says he's too old to show off to city folks, so they come down here — if'n they're asked.

"Now he's playing the Soldiers Joy — see them all get up, too — you can't sit still when he begins that one. Lets go. Whew — that' a rouser, limbers up the old joints and no mistake....

"Lets you and I sit down now and watch the men around the wood stove. Quite a collection, now, aint it? There's Jim and the college kids in dress clothes, then the fishermen in dark suits, then the man wearing the old leather boots and frock coat is Squire Cook — rich old codger, — the one over there with the queer hair comb is Jud Sanford — went to Washington last winter just to tell the President a few things. The man with the bald head is a retire cotton broker and chairman of the town Council. Not as I voted for him, for I didn't. He's from the city but married [?] Mill's daughter, so set himself up as an authority on various subjects. However, he's doing a good job on the council. Have to give him credit. No doubt it's his wife as coaches him, she being a local girl. That small fellow is Lou Small — his father was Tom Small the man that disappeared here about ten years ago. No one knew why he went but my dad had a letter from him a few years

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back. Ma teased Pa a lot about that letter, seems Tom began the letter by saying “My dear bosom Pal — being being far from Home and without money, I'm relying on our kinship etc.”

“How father raved! Since when said he, was I ever a pal of that varmint — as for being kin to him — well maybe somewhere's theres kinship, but it'll do him no good, the rattlesnake.

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“Ever after when Ma wanted to get Pa going she'd say — “My dear bosom Pal', and we kids would have a good laff at Pa's expense.

“Yes, there's quite a collection o' men folks. Take the old fellar with the long whiskers — can you see what he's got under his coat? Look sharp now. Yep, that's it. A chicken! He carries that pet o' his'n all around with him and feeds it peanuts or whatever's handy. If'n we ask him he'll let it roast on his finger whilst he talks to it. He says the blame chicken likes radio music too.

“Say — Abijah — lets see your chicken!

“See — What did I tell you? See him perch on his finger just like [?] parrot, ceptin he can't talk. Oh — he can talk! Well I want to know —

“What's he sayin now, Abijah? Says he likes the party, hey? Pretty diplomatic chicken, anyhow.

“How's that, Frank — you say they found a long box full of bones down near Powder House Point? In the field? No? Well I swam on the beach below low tide mark. Shucks! What did the police say? Been there some time, hey? Well gosh a mighty. They was a woman's bones you say? Whose did you say they might be? What, after all these years? Well we knew that old Jack must of done away with his wife but could never prove it. He always said that she ran away with a pedler but some one saw the pedler later and he

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knew nothing about the woman. Well Jack's dead too, so no use rakin' all that up again. Queer tho how things come to light now, ain't it?

"Yes, some thins are as well forgotten. What' that you say? Is that man a farmer? Yes since, and a good one too. He made his money tho in the Yukon Gold rush along with Abijah thee. They do say as both of 'em 8 as rich as all get out but you'd never know it.

"Yes there is an odor of barn about him but we have to overlook that. It's a good healthy odor they say. You see he won't drive at night in his machine, takes out the horse and buggy to drive around in. Not so foolish as you might think, specially if he gets too much hard cider. The hoss'll take him home all right 'thout any fear of accidents.

"Hello — who's this driving in? Sho — it's the Guv'nor and his folks from across the bridge. Must be somethin' important to talk over tonight. Yep.

"Howdy, Guvner and Mrs. How's all the family? Thats good....

"Yes, Ma'am. Tis a likely gatherin' o' plain country folks. That's right, ma'am, we do make up the backbone of our land and we're aimin' to make the young'uns feel that a way too. Guess the Guvner's got somethin' on his mind by the way he's talkin' to Steve Lowry. Well, wants to speak to me too? All right ma'am. I'll go right over!"

A half hour passed by before Sam returned to his seat by the stove and although the young men new that something of importance was in the wind, still Sam gave no sign of it and opened the conversation by asking the boy if he liked to skate.

"Now, I'll tell you, Jim — the young folks is planning a skatin' party up at Uncle Daniels tomorrow night, and there'll be a bang up time. Looks now as if they'll wear themselves plumb out dancin', but they'll bob up, all smart as crickets. I've got to be gettin' back, myself, but you stay and enjoy yourself, cause your Cousin Sam's got to turn in. Got to see some one tonight yet.

"Is it important? Well rather. Lots of thing to come up at financial town meetin' and we got to fix up a slate.

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"So long son, see you in the mawnin. Good night folks. Be good?"

#### THE YANKEE [TIVERTON?] FISHERMAN

All was hustle and stir aboard the Mispah as the crew loaded the gear and tackle aboard making ready for the next day's trip.

Mackerel had been sighted yesterday over at the mouth of the sound and by this the fishermen knew that these wary fish would show up in the bay by the next day. So the old captain was busy making final preparations in order to be ready to sail on the morning tide, which would be full about three thirty, with the moon a silver wafer of light in the velvet August sky.

By the time the work was finished, twilight had begun to fall, and the men left for their narby homes. With many a "So long, Cap. See yer in the mawnin'," they hurried off, great sturdy men, headin' for the home port.

The Captain lingered aboard, going over every chain, rope and ring of the great purse seine, making sure that there'd be no mishaps when the time came to drop her overboard. As the name implied, she was like a great purse, with a bag of seine and purse strings of rope, which ran through great brass rings, and by which she was "pussed up." There lay the five-hundred-pound tom weight which winks into place when the seine is in position. There too were the ladles with which the fish were to be bailed into the boat. Everything was ready and t'hand. Yet the Captain lingered as if he hated to leave. How he loved the boat. She seemed to be part of him since most of his living days had been spent aboard of her. Wife and family, friends and relatives a-plenty lived their cozy lives ashore in snug

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harbors, yet he and the Mispah battled with wind and tide, happy in their life together, each a part of the other.

2

Sitting there he heard a light running step aft, and a young voice called - "Where are you, Uncle Nat?"

"Here I be, sonny, up for'ard. Just thinking of going home myself. Come on over to the house, spend the evening with us, won't you? It's getting close to supper time, and I reckon your Aunt Dora'll have something pretty good for a young city shaker slicker like yourself.

'You know she will and that's why you came? Well, you young rascal! Say I thought your folks lived pretty high what with that butler fellar an' all, to wait on you. Here you come over to the cove to eat in our house. O h o - so you sneaked away from a shindig to be with your old sea dog relation. Now tell me, as man to man, what's on your mind? Out with it. So-o that's it! Want to go long o' me mackereling tomorrow morning. Do tell. Does your ma know where yer be? She does, hah! Told yer 'at I was the one who taught her t'sail a boat, did she? Yes siree! Best little deck hand in these parts, when she was no bigger'n a weasel. Could hold her own at the tiller, too, beat her up to the wind'ard, almost take the stick right out of her. Game kid all right. And here you be teasing just like she used ter, to go along too.

"Well sonny — there's Aunt Dora a wavin' and sayin' suthin'. What's that? So-o Archy is to stay all night. Well, I swan - your Ma phoned, saying you could. Now that's a plumb good news, ain't it.

"What's that, mother? Sure he'll like quahang cakes. Such a tang as you get on 'em. Good 'nough for the President.



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"We'll wash up out here on the bench, sonny. A fellar can splash all he wants out here 'thout riling the women folks. There's yer towel, son, on that nail. There now - let's tackle that supper. Put plenty under yer belt. You'll need a good stand by for tomorrer.

3

"Comin', Dora, Comin'. Set there Archy. You be first mate this voyage. Are we all seated? Let's bow our heads.

"May the Lord bless this food and may we be duly thankful. Bless, O Lord, our brothers on the deep and bring them to a safe harbor."

"Now, Archie, here's your chowder. Cakes come next course. Guess that chowder is good an' no mistake. Takes a Rhode Islander to make a real chowder. These quahaugs were dug this morning'. Came from that white sand bar yonder, and the meats are as pretty and plump as ever I see. That's what you call flavor, me lad. Ready for the fried quahaugs cakes — atties some calls 'em. Yes, sir, for myself I think they beat a fried oyster any day. But they are sure tarnation good. The sweet corn's the best we've had this summer, and these cakes is fine. Have some of this baked tautsug, son— put on plenty of this good thick cream and tell me did your butler ever serve you a dish so tasty?

"Come now, don't be bashful. There's plenty o'lobster and more in the pots, so don't go without. What you can't hold much more? Sure you can! We've only just begun. Leastwise I have. Oh sho ready for pie so soon? Well go ahead eat your pie and I'll keep right on workin' through the whole bill o'fard. "Got to take you to a real Rhode Island Clam Bake soon. The one over at the Old stone Church will be nest week. There's where you eat and no mistake. The bake opens at one o'clock and we eat until four thirty or there abouts. Now that's an occasion.

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"Oh! You're all goin' from your house? Wouldn't miss it, yer Ma says. Well, every one in town, and all the state officials 'll be there. That's where little Rhodey goes to town, gathers her own under her wings and do we all enjoy it! Yes, the bake's a great institution.

Let's sit on the porch for a spell whilst the women folks clear away and maybe someone 'll pass by an tell us a little news. There's Lucy 4 Brown, that old colored woman, comin' round the landin'. She's been workin' over to Capt. George's all day. Maybe she'll be able to tell us how the Captain made out swordfishin'.

"Hello, Lucy! Where you headin? Oh, going over to the bridge. Well, say Lucy did you hear tell how the Captain made out with the swordfishin'! What's that?

"You don't mean it! Hear that, Archie? Says Capt. George reckons one he got today weighed eight hundred. We'll have to take a look at it later. No, not now. Jest rest a spell. You know what my father used to say, swore it was gospel truth, that every time Lucy Brown came round the landing, there was sure to be a high wind. I've seen him go so fur as to send a boy down the road if 'n he see her comin', to tell her to turn back, give her a dollar if she would go. 'specially if he wanted to set trap at the Old Bull. All the fishermen hated to see Lucy put in to the bridge if they planned on much fishing the next day, cause she was an omen, so my father used to say. Never noticed myself. Those old sailors was full o' omens.

"Is Lucy old? Nigh on to a hundred I guess. She was a slave for the Brown family so you can see how old she must be.

"Yes, there's one more born slave as I know of. She's Bess Wanton, was one of the Wanton family slaves. You know the Wantons was rich my yes: Thats the old Gov. Wanton place up the road a piece. Built like a southern mansion. Yes that's the one where the Barkers live now.

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"Well, now, son we can't linger out here much longer. I could set here half the night tellin' you about the old folks round here.

"No can't get on to any long whalin' yarns tonight, but did I ever tell you about old Fox as used to work for us back along? Well, during the winter when the boats were on dry dock we kept our men busy, knitting up 5 traps, mending and much like. There's a big town shed over on Aquidneck, where the fish factory used to be, at the north end of the island. There's quarters thee still for the men and Leander was the cook, but all in all, I suppose 'et get kinda lonesome. No one new around 'cept for the tramps as used to drop off at the [Humocks?] and kind o' spend the winter at the abandoned factory. Some o' them was characters, that I'll tell you about some other time. Well, to get back to Gid, he'd been over at the factory working on nets all winter and when April came we sent him over to the bridge to get the poles ready for the traps. Some of the boys met him and asked him where he'd spent the winter.

"Well,' says Gid, 'I was six weeks in the month ' March over on the island, and [?] I'm sure glad to get back on land once more.'

"What's the matter with your foot Gid? asked Joe. 'Youve got it all tied up there.

"Well boys, I dropped an eye bolt onto it and she is sure sore.'

"Does it pain you, Gid?' asked George.

"No she don't pain me now,' sid Gid. 'She's kinda stopped painin' and gone to achin'.

Now that aint so bad,' he'd drawl out. Then the boys would haw-haw. All in good fun, you know. Now poor Gid's dead n gone this many a year.

"What's that! Eight bells? Whew-w. We must turn in if we expect to be up at three. Do you want to sleep in the old rope bed under the eaves or would you like to sleep aboard the

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sloop? Kind o' stuffy below this weather. Oh! you'd like to sleep in a hammock on deck. They're the most uncomfortable contraptions, son. Did you ever try one?

"Ah, so you saw them in the movies. Well let me tell you, boy, that's a good place to leave 'em. The only reason that you can sleep in the blame 4 things is because you're so plumb worn out you could sleep anywhere, and as for gettin' sea sick when we're out, they'll make you sickern' a dog, even in a light roll. Better sleep ashore son you'll be fresher'n a daisy in the mornin'

So with many a good night, the old Captain and Archie turned in, the latter to dream of the day when he'd be master of his own ship.

The short night ended when the Captain's voice called to the boy, at three, to come down to breakfast. This was steaming hot with plenty of Rhode Island jonny cakes, fried to a delicate brown, along with eggs and bacon and plenty of hot tea. Yankee folks like tea for breakfast. Although the younger ones go in for coffee somewhat, tea is the favorite.

After their meal, the two hurried over to the dock, where the clanking of chains and the murmur of voices told them that the crew was on hand with everything in readiness. They soon cast off and headed up into Mount Hope Bay to look for a school of mackerel. The captain kept the glasses to his eyes searching up and down.

Suddenly he called, "Drop off!" and the two working boats were hauled alongside. One for the Captain and one for the mate. The big purse seine was divided equally between them and as soon as the crew were in the boats they started rowing in opposite directions. Archie was in the Captains boat helping pay out the seine. The ripple and noise of schooled fish was on every side, the gills showed out of water like silver dollars, shining and glistening in the pale light of the setting moon. Soon the noise was almost a roar as the great school struck into the waiting net.

"There she strikes! Puss her up! Close in!" called Captain Nat, and the experienced crew rowed towards each other closing the great purse. The tow weight held her on the bottom as the mackerel splashed and tore to get out.

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The big boat now came alongside. Great scoops dipped into the net hoisting the catch aboard. The chug-chug of the motor was heard above the yelling of the crew as the silvery beauties were bailed into the hold. Out swung the scoop again, much as a steam shovel digs dirt, scooping in the fish. As the loaded scoop passed the mate, now on board, he pulled the tripping line and this dumped the fish. So the bailing went on until all were safely aboard.

Over in the east the sun was just beginning to rise and the angry crew hurried aboard the sloop for another breakfast.

"We'll make another set as soon as we can get the decks clear and the seine in shape." said the Captain. "Whats that? How do I know that there'll be more in the Bay? Well, son, mackerel is easy to figure on and when one school shows, there's another not far off. Come now, you take the glasses and tell me what you see. Ha ha, nothing. Well, keep looking. Look over that way, south by west, swing west a little. That brings ye about at the ferry landin'. See anything yet? A ripple, a long ripple? Now what do you see? Shinning like silver? You know now. Which way are they headin'? Away from us. Yep that school is. Swing your glasses up the bay up toward Kickemuet. What's that, you saw one jump clear o' the water! That's the scout. The school'll be back of him. One fish is always out in front leading the rest. You see they follow feed and it's his job to find it. Now we'll set again. Drop o-o-off! Drop o-o-off! "

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And so all day the man worked. Late afternoon found them on the dock, barreling and icing the catch. The trucks were there to take them to market and the old Captain went into the wheel house to reckon his earnings and check up the log.